128 East Twelfth St.,
New York, Sept. 6, 1870.

My Dear Garrison,

Not until yesterday did I hear of your illness, when I also heard of your convalescence. It was George who gave me the information that made me at once sorry and glad. For some time past I have felt that I ought to write you, but have been hindered by press of business. I must delay no longer. Your kind letter, addressed to me at Peekham, reached me promptly, and, but for the distractions of travel, would have been answered at once. I was sorry you could not meet me at Peekham; but I should have been more so if you had been so imprudent as to

make so long a journey in the brief
period of time that was alone at your
command. I presume you feel, as I
do, the older you grow, a stronger and
stronger disinclination to leave home —
a disposition to hug your own chim-
ney-corner. The fact is, you and I are
growing old, and we cannot go hither
and thither with the alacrity that
we once felt.

My vacation was exceedingly
pleasant, save the last few days at
Bethlehem, where I had an attack of
asthma, that sent me home a fort-
night earlier than I meant to ~~go~~ come.
Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Lavin went
with me, first to Mt. Mansfield
and Burlington, and then to Pear-
son. From the latter place Mrs.
L. returned to New York, while
Mrs. J. and myself went to Lake

Memphremagog and Willoughby, & thence to the White mountains. Mrs. J. started in the mountains ten days after I left, and has since been visiting her kindred in Vermont. She will come home next week, and not long afterwards I think you may expect ~~to~~ see her in Boston. At least it was her intention to go there this Fall, & I am sure she will do so unless prevented by some unforeseen occurrence. It is possible I may find time to run on for a day or two while she is there. I shall unless work hinders. I have had no touch of asthma since I came home, and am now pretty well.

The death of Henry C. Wright moved me very much, and I read with very deep interest the address you made at his funeral. You

doubtless observed that I copied a part of that address in the Independent. The early laborers in the anti-slavery cause are dropping away one after another, and our turn must come at no distant day. Well, I think I shall be prepared for the summons. The future life has for me no dread, but many attractions. My trust in the mercy and goodness of God is unwavering, and I know that in life or death I am his child, and sure of his love; and my heart asks for no more.

Mrs. Lawn joins me in warm love to you and yours, and in the hope of your complete and speedy restoration to health.

Yours, with my whole heart,

Oliver Johnson